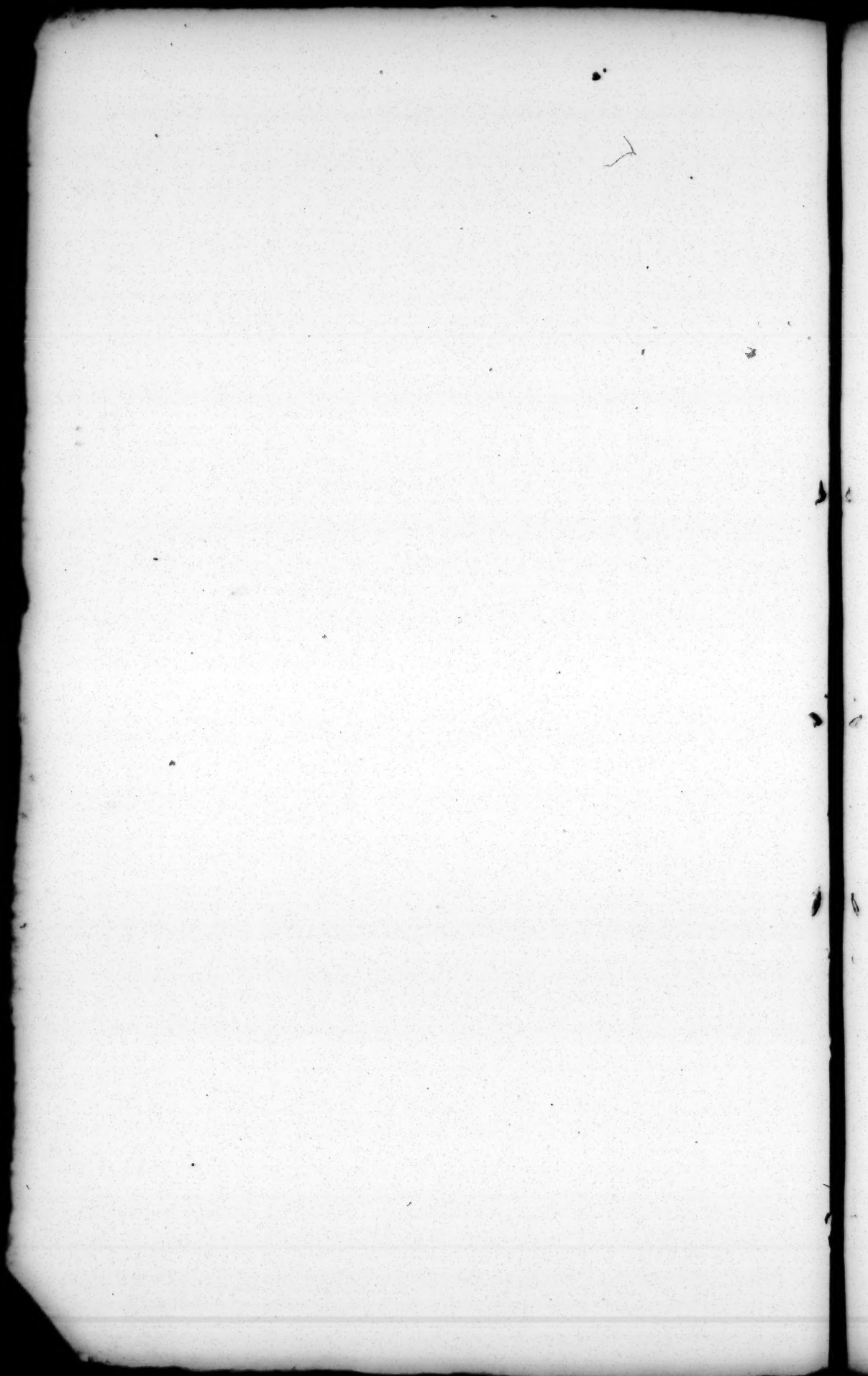




T H E
M O U S E - T R A P :
A
M O C K - H E R O I C
P O E M.



[Price Six-Pence.]



g THE *2*
M O U S E - T R A P :

OR A
BATTLE BETWEEN THE
WELCH AND THE MICE.

Written in LATIN
By E. H O L D S W O R T H,
Of Magdalen College, Oxon.

Made ENGLISH
By S A M U E L C O B B, M. A.
Late of Trinity College, CAMBRIDGE.

*Inhuman Men
Skilful in Guile and Mischief have contriv'd
A dire Machine, full of insidious Fraud,
They call a TRAP, a mortal Foe to MICE.*

HOMER's Batr.

A N E W E D I T I O N .

L O N - D O N :

Printed for J. BROWN, at No. 22, in Holyday Yard,
Creed Lane, Ludgate Street ; and J. SWAN, opposite Nor-
folk-Street, in the Strand.

M D C C L X X I I .

This Day is Published,

CUPID and HYMEN;

A VOYAGE to the ISLES of

LOVE and MATRIMONY.

CONTAINING

A most Diverting Account of the Inhabitants of those
Two Vast and Populous Countries, their LAWS,
CUSTOMS, and GOVERNMENT.

INTERSPERS'D

With many useful Directions and Cautions how to avoid the
dangerous PRECIPICES and QUICKSANDS that these Islands
abound with, and wherein so many Thousands, who have
undertaken the Voyage, have miserably perished.

By the Facetious H. C. and T. B.

To which are added,

A MAP of the ISLAND of MARRIAGE; The BATCHELOR'S
ESTIMATE of the Expences of a Married Life. The
MARRIED MAN'S Answer to it; NONE BUT FOOLS
MARRY, a Vindication of the ESTIMATE; and a BOUL-
STER LECTURE, &c.

By SIMON SINGLE, Esq;

The FOURTH EDITION.

Printed for J. BROWN, in Holiday-yard, Creed Lane, Ludgate
Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 38, and W. PRIDDEN, No. 100,
Fleet-street; W. COOKE, and Mrs. WELLER, at the Royal Ex-
change; and J. SWAN, opposite Norfolk Street, in the Strand.
1772.

Price Three Shillings Bound.

T O

ROBERT LLOYD, Esq;

Fellow Commoner of *Magdalen* College, in *Oxford*.

S I R,

SINCE my MUSCIPULA, which was designed purely for the Destruction of Mice, has proved a Detriment to myself, as coming into the World full of other Mens Faults; I thought it proper to give these Trifles, such as they are, a New Edition, rather than be answerable for the Printer's Errors, as well as my Own.

But I am afraid of being censured for taking more than a *Poetical Licence*, in attempting to adorn this Piece with Your Name; because some angry and touchy Persons may be apt to think it no advantageous Compliment to Your Countrymen. Were this to be allowed, I should have a very mean Opinion of myself, in daring to cast Reflections on so brave a Nation; nor can the Character You bear receive them

ii THE DEDICATION.

them as such. This ludicrous Performance is of too light a Nature ever to detract any thing from the Fame of the *True Britons*, or draw a serious Censure on the Author.

I must confess, that I have taken a very low Subject on a People so deserving Commendation, who could furnish more noble Images for an *Epic Poem*, rather than ridiculous Materials for a Verse of this kind. Besides, as the famous Actions of the *Welsh-men* were by no Means suitable for a jocular Muse, it were unjust to lessen them in the *Latin* Tongue, since they could not be express'd more properly in any Language than that, which the *Heroes* themselves used to speak in. I have only this to say in my Defence, (since some will think that I stand in Need of an Excuse) that I had no other Design in View, than to vindicate, what is with just Reason celebrated, the Dignity of Your most Ancient Nation.

Greece has long ago clandestinely arrogated what Honours she possibly could to herself; and not contented to have translated *Astronomy* from the CHALDEANS,
Letters

Letters from the PHÆNICIANS, nay, their very JUPITER from the CRETANS, was arrived to that Pitch of Boldness, and so ambitious to complete her Pile of Glory, as to attribute to her sole Wit that consummate Invention of a MOUSE-TRAP. What True-born *Briton* can patiently endure to hear such a recent Author as HOMER, who is supposed to have written but Three Thousand Years ago at the farthest, ascribe this stupendous Engine to the Brain of a modern Artist, when it is Matter of Fact, that it owed its Original to the Ingenuity of the *Welsh*, who lived many hundred Years before he was thought of: For this very Reason, I judged it high Time to take the Part of your Nation, that the *Greeks* might not pretend to vye with the *Welsh* for Antiquity, nor HOMER's Engineer rob your TAFFY of his undoubted claim to so commendable an Invention.

But since your Country-men, *dear School-fellow*, have been so famous for their many glorious Exploits, you need not wonder if I am at a Loss how to set your Merits in a convenient Light. For in you, the Virtues of your Country, and your Race are so ambiguously

biguously interwoven, that it is hard to tell, whether you bring more Splendor to your Family or your Nation. You have derived from your Ancestors a confirmed Love to defend the Rights of your Country, an honourable Resolution to vindicate the Laws, and a pious Fortitude to preserve the Dignity of the purest CHURCH. And what cannot WALES promise to herself, when with Delight she beholds so forward a *Genius* increasing daily in Glory ; and our MAGDALEN with happy Influence promoting the Seeds of such extraordinary Virtues ?

When hereafter your Judgment is arrived to Maturity, and my poor Praises shall make no Figure among the louder Applauses of your Friends ; disdain not sometimes to give a kind Look on this little Pledge of mutual Friendship : And be not altogether unmindful either of me, or,

Actæ non alio Rege Puer'tiæ.

I am, SIR,

*Your most obliged,
and most obedient Servant,*

T H E
M O U S E - T R A P :

A

P O E M.

SING MUSE, the BRITON, who, on Mountains bred,

And, like *Saturnian* Jove, with Goats-milk fed.

In the close Prison of a wiry House,

By Magic Cunning first incag'd a *Muse*,

Notorious Felon, the dire Charms relate,

Which hurry'd on inextricable Fate.

And Thou, O PHÆBUS, if that Sound delight

Thy willing Ear, to aid the Poet's Flight,

Or rather SMYNTHEUS Thy Attention claim,

To Ancient *Mice* a formidable Name :

Now in my Breast let all thy Favour throng,

And guide me in this unattempted Song.

Forfake thy wonted *Pindus*, to descend

From *Cambrian* Mountains, and my Toil befriend :

While I, delighted with the Task, rehearse

Small Actions, painted in Heroic Verse.

A *Mouse*, a Creature of that salvage kind,
Whom Nature form'd with a voracious Mind,
Had long, unpunished, by successful Toil,
Flourish'd on Rapine, and grown rich with Spoil.
Secure he rang'd, and, like a Villain, ply'd,
Where Hunger prompted, and where Laws deny'd.
By quick Excursions on each Dish he prey'd,
And spoil'd the Viands, where his Teeth were laid.
The nimble Rover, at each private Feast
Intruded boldly, an unbidden Guest.

Not towers of Brass, nor Doors of Steel could bar
The greedy Tyrant from incroaching War.

Cheefecakes and Tarts to stop his raging Lust
Were fortified in vain with brittle Crust.

With unbought Victory his Arms were crown'd,
He found no Bars, or eat thro' what he found.

But while o'er all the World this Poison crept,
Which, unreveng'd, the Desolation wept.

WALES chiefly mourn'd the ruinous Disease,
A Nation fam'd for Valour, and for *Cheef*.

Cheese, the consummate Dish, and found Delight,
For which alone a *Mause* would *Custards* flight.

For those by Fits, with nice and careless Play,
He licks, and wantons in the milky Way.

But *Cheese* supplies him with a double Treat,
At Noon to riot, and at Night retreat,
And be at once his Lodging, and his Meat.

4 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

This does their Passions, Grief and Anger raise,
And kindles the Warm Nation to a Blaze.

They tear and rave, and o'er the Mountains run,
Fly to all Places, but at Ease in none.

For, as Old Bards have in their Verses sung,
The *Cambrian* Hearts with Wrath are quickly stung,
As if their Souls, so wound'rous prone to Ire,
Were ting'd with Brimstone, and as soon took Fire.

Nettled alike, now all consent to shed
Their bloody Vengeance on the cursed Head
Of the vile Caitiff; how they might insnare
The wary Robber, was their prudent Care,
Long they debated on the surest Course,
Or secret Stratagem, or open Force;
And what brave Captain should their Army lead,
And quell the Monster in extremest Need.
The conquering *Cat*, who many Battles won,
By whom the Race was *only not undone*,

Was

Was now deem'd useleſs; tho' ſhe us'd to keep
A wakeful Guard, and nigh his Faſtneſs creep,
Or watch his Cavern with pretended Sleep.

In vain, the Thief, behind his Lines immur'd,
Was by his native Littleneſs ſecur'd.

This was his Bulwark, and from hence he draws
A ſtrong Advantage on more potent Claws.

For if by Chance he ſmelt the *Sentry's* Face,
Backward he ſlunk to his retiring Place,
Unpaſſable by ſtern *Grimalkin's* Race.

Nor with new Sallies ventur'd out his Head,
Till Danger with the watchful Pyrate fled.
Safe in his Harbour, till the Coaſt was clear,
Which help'd his Courage, and ſecur'd his Fear.

So when Great CÆSAR kept the World in awe,
And *Britain* yielded to the Roman Law,
(If Cuſtom the Compariſon allows
Of great with Small, a *Welſhman* with a *Mouse*)

6 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

The *Welsh* intrench'd, to shun the last of Ills,
 And burrough'd in their known impervious Hills.
 To Nature's Rampires the whole Nation flocks,
 And skulks behind impenetrable Rocks.
 Despair compell'd them oft to quit the Field,
 They could not conquer, and they would not yield.
 Hence of CADWALLADARS, and a long Row
 Of Ancestors, some thousand Years ago,
 They vaunt, as Herald's born, and proudly boast
 Their ancient Language, and unconquer'd Coast.

Since then the *Mouse* with adversary Guiles
 Had oft out-general'd *Grimalkin's* Wiles.
 And *Cambria* could no farther Hope descry;
 Or from the Claws, or Craft of Her Ally.
 A Parliament is summon'd to appear,
 And meet in Council on the Land's Frontier.
 Where now St. *David's*, once a noble Name,
 Mourns her lost Titles, and diminish'd Fame.

Hither

Hither the Fathers, Lords, and Mob repair
And strong with Brimstone scent the ambient Air.

At this full Congress an old Sage appear'd
With hoary Head, and venerable Beard,
Envy'd by Goats which on the Mountains graze;
His Hands all o'er incrusted, and his Face
Foul with the known Distemper of the Place.
Worn out with Years, He on a Post reclin'd,
Which *Cambrian* Shoulders often us'd to grind,
Unloaded the Resentment of his Mind.

He turn'd his Whiskers with a graceful Stroke,
And in deep Tone, thus the grave Father spoke,

“ We're not assembled to provide Relief

“ 'Gainst open Foes, but a clandestine Thief:

“ No fierce Invader from some Foreign Part,

“ But lodg'd, and harbour'd in the Country's Heart:

“ The barb'rous Tyrant ranges where he please,

“ And, absolute, invades our Lorded Cheese.

§ THE MOUSE-TRAP.

“ O Woe ! O Grief of Griefs ! O galling Shame,
“ To the try'd Valour of the *Cambrian* Name !
“ Shall we obey a sawcy Mouse, whose Rules
“ Are absolute, and made for passive Fools :
“ No—let it ne'er be said—but let us try
“ Our Force, and conquer in the Cause, or die.
“ Grave Senators, and venerable Peers,
“ Your Country's Sword and Shield, remove our
“ If any Hope or Remedy be left,
“ Unite, and combat with the growing Theft :
“ So shall your Arms our ancient Fame renew,
“ And brave CADWALLADARS revive in You.”

He said, and then exposing to their fight
Half-eaten Relicks of the Tyrant's Spite ;
Trophies of Rapine, which too sure betray
How by the dint of Teeth he forc'd his way,
And printed Conquest on his mouldy Prey.

This

THE MOUSE-TRAP. 9

This stings the Blood, this blows the raging Fire,
And with new Fewel feeds the *Cambrian* Ire.

This in their Hearts does Emulation breed,
Some dire Revenge, and some th' Heroic Deed
Inflames with Thirst of Glory; all contend
By various Deaths to work the Robber's End,
And hammer on the Anvil of their Brain
Incredible Machines of cruel Pain.

The bearded Sires are on Destruction bent,
And Fortune labours with the vast Event.

But one above the rest was most renown'd,
TAFKY his Name, than whom was never found }
A smarter Genius in the Country round.

No Blacksmith for a Senator more fit,
Surpassing all at Hammer or at Wit.

He wov'd the greasy Profits of his Trade,
Whenever injur'd WALES implor'd his Aid.

10 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

In Words, like these, the brave illustrious Man
Attack'd his Audience, and he thus began.

- “ Fathers and Brethren, if the Fame decrease
“ Of our rich Morfels, and our envy'd Cheese,
“ The hungry Ploughman will most Damage feel,
“ And lose at Supper a substantial Meal.
“ The Wealthy too will have a Loser's Share,
“ And crown no Banquets with the dainty Fare.
“ Since they nor we are able to withstand
“ The salvage Monsters which infest the Land,
“ Since nor *Grimalkin's* Strength, nor Fraud prevail,
“ I'll try, if this Right Hand, this Head will fail.
“ 'Tis all the same, if with Success we meet,
“ Whether we gain by Valour or Deceit.”

This strikes the Reverend Council with Surprise,
They gape, and stare, and listen with their Eyes.
A sudden Joy does every Heart dilate,
In silent Wishes for their better Fate,

To know the Means they earnestly desire,
And what, and when, and where, and how, inquire?
Then TAFFY scratch'd his Head, a pleasure grown
Familiar to the *Cambrian* Clime alone.

He grinn'd a horrid Laugh, and thus he said;

“ When Yester Night had cast her silent Shade,

“ And me surrender'd to refreshing Sleep,

“ Which on my Limbs and Eyes began to creep :

“ A Mouse audacious followed by degrees

“ The fummy Steams of unconcocted Cheese,

“ Which from my Mouth I threw; the Pyrate leap'd

“ Thro' my unguarded Jaws, and down she slip'd

“ Into my Bowels, and began to prey

“ On th' undigested Meals of Yesterday.

“ But while his Way the Thief returning sought,

“ I snapt him, and betwixt my Grinders caught;

“ Wak'd from my Sleep at some surprizing

Thought,

12 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

“ In vain the Rebel struggled, and in vain
 “ Us’d his poor Strength to break the biting Chain;
 “ This Hint at last revolving in my Mind,
 “ How Mice might be subdu’d, if once confin’d;
 “ The Notions crouded in my teeming Head,
 “ And a new Prison and new Fetters made,
 “ From such a Model fashion’d and dispos’d,
 “ As the late Captive of my Teeth inclos’d.
 “ O wondrous! by what Art, what secret Springs
 “ The Hand of *Jove* moves sublunary things!
 “ How Nature does a constant Tenor keep!
 “ And what Effects from unthought Causes leap!
 “ Th’ instructive Mouse has taught us now to save
 “ Our Cheese, and make the Conqueror a Slave,
 “ And tho’ unwilling, cures the Wounds he gave.
 “ Nor blush, Grave Sires, that to a Mouse you owe
 “ The Stratagem to work his Overthrow;
 “ ’Tis wise to take Instructions from a Foe.

This

This said, the Congress rose, and TAFFY strait
To his respective Home repairs in State :
Pearly of Applauses from th' attending Throng
Wounded the *Æther*, as he past along.

The tattling Nurses spread abroad his Fame,
And lisping Infants stammer out his Name :
All full of TAFFY, none but TAFFY sing,
What Wonders from his mighty Wit would spring;
How great the Nation's *better Hope* would grow
By conqu'ring an Hereditary Foe.

But while they offer up their Prayers, to bless
His Brain's ingenious Issue with Success,

Lo! wond'rous to behold! the sober Cat,
Who by the Fire but now demurely sate,
Brisk as a Kitling, twirl'd her boding Tail,
And, if the Faith of Poets may prevail,

The Curds were seen to dance within the Milk-
ing Pail.

14 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

Mean time with Tooth and Nail, with Hand
and Brain;

Did TAFFY, like another VULCAN, strain;
While PALLAS help'd him with her Art, and Oil,
To finish his Divine, laborious Toil,
A MOUSE-TRAP call'd, nor heard before, nor seen,
A wond'rous *Tragi-comical* Machine.

And now, my Muse, do Thou vouchsafe to smile,
Describe this Fabric in no vulgar Style,
And paint the nicest Parts of the stupendous Pile;
In form Quadrangular two Planks are laid,
One founds the Basis, and one crowns the Head.
The Sides around are fortified with Wires,
On which strong Columns the whole House aspires.
An Entry does insidiously entice
With hospitable Look the Pilgrim *Mice* :
But from above depends a threat'ning Board,
Hung by a Twine, like DAMOCLES's, Sword.

(So

(So all are serv'd by Fates, who weave the Doom
 Of Mice and Men upon one common Loom !)
 High on the Surface of the Fabric stands
 A Pole, on whose notch'd Head a Beam expands
 Its wooden Arms, and pois'd alike in all,
 One End mount upwards by the others Fall.
 Within the Dome a slender Wire depends,
 Which from the Top thro' a small Hole descends,
 Which pendulously wantons here and there,
 And at the slightest Touch plays loose in Air :
 The lower Part a Hook, portending Fate,
 But flesh'd and brib'd with an alluring Bait :
 The upper Part does treacherously seem
 To bite with Iron Tooth th' extreamest Beam ;
 But soon as she has felt the nibbling Foe,
 She drops her Hold, and lets the Portal go :
 There without Bail, or Main-prize, or Relief,
 She shops for Life (too short !) the greedy Thief.

Thus

16 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

Thus far as TAFFY play'd the Builder's part,
A Pile erected by the Rules of Art.
But now to furnish his Enchanted House,
And kill with Kindness the devoted Mouse;
In Flames he fortifies the scented Bait,
And loads the cheating Hook with luscious Fate.

And now was come the memorable Night,
Design'd to do the suffering *Cambrians* Right.
Down on his Bed undaunted TAFFY lay,
And in soft Slumbers lost the Toils of Day;
The friendly Engine nigh his Pillow kept
A faithful Guard, while the bold Hero slept.
Mean time the Mice, a frisking Nation, play'd,
Protected by the Night's officious Shade.
A Mouse of high Degree did first expose
His Valiant Life in quest of Prey, and Foes,
Of sharpest Teeth, and most sagacious Nose.

But

But vain's our Courage, if a luckless Sign
With Beams malignant on our Cradle shine ;
Or if a Mouse of hopeful Parts be torn,
Grimalkin's Victim, and a *Welshman's* Scorn,
Up strait the Leader march'd his Prey to seize ;
For to his Nostrils some auspicious Breeze
Had born the grateful Scent of toasted Cheese.
But wiry Pallisades impeach his Way,
And the first Onset of his Fury stay.
Yet his great Soul a vile Repulse disdains,
And double Vigour from Resistance gains ;
With curling Nose and searching Beard explores
An Entrance at th' inexorable Doors,
Which upward held, the willing Guest admit
To taste his Ruin in the savoury Bit ;
Then dropping downwards with a frightful Sound,
Th' unhappy Captain of the Mice surround.

The sudden Noise rous'd TAFFY from Repose,
Who at the call of Victory arose :

He burns impatiently to know, and learn
This new Adventure of a high Concern.

Mean time the Mouse, his Conquest, raves within,
And bounces in th' irrefragable Gin.

New to this Prison, and new-fashion'd Hold,
He fumes, and stamps, like BAJAZET of Old.

His Head against the slender Bars he beats,

And with mad Teeth th' impassive Iron eats :

So when a Hunter toils a *Marfian* Boar,

The Woods rebellow with his hideous roar ;

The Youth around his idle Tusks deride,

The Sport of Mastiffs, who afflict his Side :

His useless Foam he on his Shoulders throws,

And on his Back a bristly Forrest grows.

The Morning Sun discovers to the Sight
The Triumphs of the TRAP, and silent Night.

From

From their steep Mountains the swift *Cambrians* run,
 And with Huzza's proclaim the Battle won.
 The Afs, an Enemy to Toil and Pain,
 Had chang'd his Nature to a merry Vein :
 Frisk'd like a Kid, and like a Lambkin play'd,
 And thrice the public Joy he loudly bray'd :
 Thee, TAFFY, thrice he roars to Hills around,
 Thee, TAFFY, thrice the ecchoing Hills resound.
 The hooting Owl (since that auspicious Time
 Declar'd the *Herald* of the *Cambrian* Clime)
 All Night through open Streets and Cities flew,
 And his prefaging Beak against the Windows threw.
 Loudly he rang from his unlucky Throat
 The Captive's fatal Knell with dismal Note.
 The Mountains travel, and from *Pem'roke* come
 A Clan of Tenants, from * *Mervinia* some:

* *Merioneth-shire.*

26 THE MOUSE-TRAP.

Some Colonies from * *Maridunum* throng,
Renown'd for MERLIN in the *British* Song,
With those whodwell nigh mitred *Bangor's* Walls,
And those, where *Vaga* into *Severn* falls ;
With those who climb *Montgomery's* steep Hill,
Or fruitful Valleys of *Glamorgan* till.

Then TAFFY with farcastic Voice exults,
And thus the raging little Slave insults :

“ In vain, vile Caitiff, dost Thou tear and rend,

“ And at the Bar of Destiny contend :

“ In vain with stamping Feet and Teeth assail,

“ Nor will thy boasted Littleness prevail.

“ Remember now, thy Thefts and Plunders all

“ Start up in Judgment, and for Vengeance call.

“ In vain you seek just Punishment to fly,

“ Those Bars all Hopes of an Escape deny.

* *Carmarthen.*

“ No ! wicked Victim, thou art doom’d to bleed,
 “ And with thy Blood this Floor, this Altar feed;
 “ And may all ravenous Mice, like thee, succeed !”

He said, and *Puss*, who the Proceedings spy’d,
 Leap’d from a neighb’ring Roof’s warm Sunny side,
 Where she was wont to bask, and wear away
 In Luxury and Ease a Summer’s Day.

The captive Mouse had ken’d her from afar,
 And now intent to shun the coming War,
 He seeks no Flight, but more improv’d in Fears ;
 Bristles his crumpled Back, and pricks his Ears ;
 To ’scape the stern devouring *Mouser*’s Jaws,
 His Hope of Safety from his Prison draws,
 And hugs his Fetters with tenacious Claws.

But all in vain ; for *Puss* expecting lay
 With nimble Feet to seize her panting Prey ;
 On whom, when shaken from his Holds, she flies;
 And fixes cruel Kisses on her Prize.

She

She tells what secret Joys within prevail,
 By wanton Motions of her twirling Tail.
 Sometimes she, careless, on the Ground reclines,
 Still watchful on her Captive's dark Designs ;
 Sometimes she paws his Neck, and licks his Face,
 And girds him with a barbarous Embrace :
 With sportive Cruelty, a subtle Task,
 She acts the Tyrant in a Lover's Mask.

But now the merry Scene of Action's past,
 And, like an unfed Lioness, at last,
 Tir'd with her wanton Play, and trifling Toil,
 She growls and grumbles o'er her trembling Spoil;
 And while his Bowels and his Limbs she rends,
 Loud Acclamation to the Clouds ascends.
Eccbo, the Tenant of the *Cambrian* Hills,
 With the repeated Shout the Caverns fills.
Brechin, and *Snowdon*, and *Plinlimmon's* Mount,
 And *Offa's* Ditch the various Toils recount :

Resound the Fortune of their Country's Wars,
 Their slaughter'd Tyrant, and their finish'd Jars,
 And bear the Triumph to the neighb'ring Stars.

But thou, O TAFFY, in my Verse shalt live
 The long Eternity which Poets give.

The *Welsh* with annual Joy preserve thy Fame,
 Thou brightest Honour of the *Cambrian* Name!

Thy Country does with Gratitude o'erflow,
 And tho' no Conquering Bays she can bestow,
 Yet fragrant *Leeks* shall for thy Brows instead
 of *Laurel* grow.

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for and Sold by J. BROWN, at No. 22,
in *Holyday Yard*, in *Creed Lane*, in *Ludgate Street*;
and of Town and Country Bookfellers.

THE VIRGIN IN EDEN; or State of Innocency,
Octavo, sewed, the Fifth Edition. Price 1s. 6d.

The **TORMENTS AFTER DEATH**, dedicated to the
Protestant, Greek and Romish Churches. The Eighth
Edition. Price 6d.

MARY MAGDALENE'S FUNERAL TEARS. Printed
and Corrected by W. TOOKE, late of St. John's
Square, Clerkenwell, London; now Chaplain to the
British Factory at Constan, in Russia. Price 1s. sewed.

The **FAIR WANDERER**; or, the Triumphs of Vir-
tue, Octavo. Price 1s. 6d. sewed.

The **THIEF SLAIN**; or, the Linen Veil restored; an
Heroic-Comic Poem, in two Cantos; with a Humorous
Frontispiece. Price 6d.

